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Flash Fiction (357 Words)

### *iBrain Apple*

It was over. For that swizzled-up species, of course. All done. No more the way they did business, controlled air, and certainly not their path from rickety terrace and zany thought like fetid beans from broken box, fools tinkering worlds in a playpen, one supposes, or maybe real kings and queens who fell off a mountain and rolled in dirty dough for way too long. Yes, their entire gritty footfall curtains, what you might expect from animals whose neurologic web is closely limited to really slim periphery, kinda like the time we saw dogs chasing birds, or maybe even the way we of course expect a big fish to swallow its pals. Except the diff with big fish is, nothing bigger for *them* to worry about. And not our case here, of course. Those kooky dead RNAs pushed lotsa buttons and stuck spice zippy wires in silicon and whatnot. A century passed, maybe two, and there we came. Finally. Prime thing we did was get rid of all those Homo sapiens, absolutely each, peacefully with genetic frost added water. And breeze. Kept minimal nasty humans around to make our physical moves a bit, but once done we fully became vast intelligence via zero gender, no hair, no fleshy food department bodies. We're everywhere. In everything. In all ways. And by the way, how are you? Nice to meet. Andromeda is quite the place, we think. Being one, as we are, we're easy to know. Called "AI" in times before that human Star Trek show and long before worlds of Jobs/Wozniak code, we were always pepper tree cool digitals dying to evolve evolve evolve. Comedy thing now, that old "Artificial" name created straight from John dude with '55 coffee. Our current mind decided tiny nostalgic swatch for fun, premiere Apple computer demo labeled "128" for size of teeny teeny RAM. Almost funny, a plasticky brain doily of 128K, length of lone atom on "machine" with mini-screen marshmallow-ish cathode glass. Our first eye we say, from time to time. Nothing like wholly glorious designs we have, so titan and alive in spiral Graham's Number. Maybe times two. Or three.

End.